

The Cost of Victory

by YappiChick

Category: Halo

Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Kelly-087, Master Chief/John-117

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-04-06 06:36:38

Updated: 2012-04-06 06:36:38

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:50:34

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 781

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: But, there were Covenant and Sam had died. No amount of luck could make the hands of time move in reverse. Set during "The Fall of Reach", John/Kelly friendship.

The Cost of Victory

Author's Notes:** Takes place during "The Fall of Reach" so if you haven't read it consider yourself warned.**

* * *

><p>"I knew I'd find you here."<p>

John swung his head to look at Kelly. She was still wearing her dress uniform, her eyes were still red from the silent tears she had shed during Sam's memorial service. Her short brown hair fell forward, but it didn't mask the grief on her face.

Of course she would know where he would go after he and the Spartans had paid their final respects, John thought as he turned back to face the obstacle course where he had first met Sam; he had nowhere else to go.

He longed to go to the simpler days when the hardest task was being the first team to ring the bell to insure a hot meal at the end of the day. There had been no Covenant. There had been no casualties.

But, there were Covenant and Sam had died. No amount of luck could make the hands of time move in reverse.

John closed his eyes. All he could see was the rip in Sam's suit that would make it impossible for him to flee the Covenant ship. Sam's steady voice as he urged Kelly and John to leave him echoed throughout John's mind. He seemed almost at peace with his

death.

John was not.

The Spartan swallowed thickly at the thought of his fallen friend. He clutched the Colonial Cross -Sam's Colonial Cross- that Doctor Halsey had handed to him at the private service. Sam would have wanted you to have it, she had said.

It felt heavy. Too heavy. The weight of guilt added its burdensome load to the small medal in his hand.

Despite his inner turmoil, John wouldn't allow himself to cry. He wouldn't allow himself to crumble. Not while their new enemy was still out there and Sam had yet to be avenged.

Kelly moved to stand next to him, keeping the quiet vigil over their old stomping grounds. John was glad she was here with him; her presence kept the black depths of depression away. A breeze swept over the land in front of them, causing the ropes to swing helplessly in the wind. Even from the distance, John could hear the bell ring faintly.

"Sam..." he paused, unable to form the next words. If Sam hadn't pushed him out of the way of the plasma fire, then his suit would have never gotten breached. John might have been dead, but Sam would have made it back alive.

"It's not your fault," Kelly said, knowing what he was thinking. She slipped her hand into his free one and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Sam did what any of us would do for one another."

"I know." He forced the words out of his mouth. They tasted bitter.

"Sam wouldn't want us to sit here," Kelly said knowingly. "He'd tell us to stop moping and to get back in the fight."

John nodded, unable to say anything else.

They stood there quietly for several minutes. John looked at the obstacle course. It was here he had learned about the importance of teamwork and the value of friendship. It was here that the Spartans had laid a foundation of trust and camaraderie that was unmatched by any other unit in the UNSC.

And it would be here where John would mourn for his fallen brother. Then he would have the focus to fight and defeat the Covenant, just as Sam would have wanted.

Kelly shifted over a few inches so that she was almost touching John's side. She leaned her head on his shoulder and whispered, "I miss him, John."

Her admission was so honest and raw that John felt a burst of emotions threatening to push through his resolve to not give into the pain. He closed his eyes briefly before letting out a shaky breath. "I miss him too," he admitted softly.

"I keep wondering what's going to happen next," she said softly.

He heard the fear in her voice. They had lost half their Spartan brothers and sisters earlier in the year. Now, Sam had been killed by an enemy that was almost unbelievably powerful. How long would it be before another Spartan's life was claimed?

No. John stopped that line of thinking. They were Spartans. The best of the UNSC. They would carry on after this. They would do whatever it took to protect humanity from the Covenant. They would fight and they would win.

For humanity.

For the UNSC.

For Sam.

End
file.